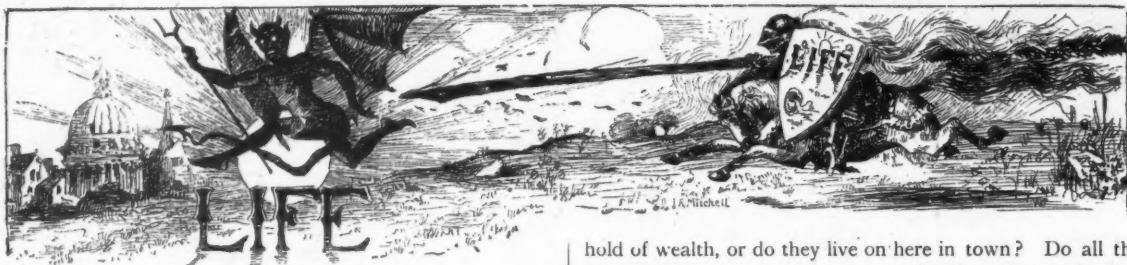


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IMPOSSIBLE.

Mrs. N. (alluding to the price): I THINK IT VERY HIGH.
Modiste: TOO HIGH FOR BEAUTY, PERHAPS, BUT IF MADAME SIT IN A DRAUGHT IT EES MUCH SAFER SO.
*AH! MADAME (sorrowfully), ZE PNEUMONIA TAKE AWAY SOME OF OUR MOST BEAUTIFUL NECKS ZIS WINTER;
AND ZE DRESSES VAIRY HIGH, LIKE ZEEES ONE!*



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MARCH 24, 1887. No. 221.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

WE don't boast of our standing army here in the United States, nor do we need to. If anyone is curious as to our means and appliances to kill, we can point to our railroads and show their record for the past winter, and the most exacting questioner must be satisfied. "Destruction" is the word that has been wont to fill the needs of the railroad reporter, but since the White River accident and the smash-up last week near Boston, "annihilation" seems more suitably descriptive. If the prospective traveler asks for a remedy, we know but one which is conveyed in the warning familiar at country crossings: "Look out for the cars when the bell rings." Keep off the track; Keep out of the cars; travel by canal or stay at home! These two last disasters have both been "unavoidable," and belong to the class of accidents which proverbially occur in the best regulated families.

RAILROADS break men up into very small fragments, but then sometimes they make men too. Their creative powers must be allowed to offset their destructive forces as far as they go. Railroads made the Vanderbilts; they made Jay Gould and Martin Irons, and the Garretts of Baltimore. Their latest creation is Mr. Alfred Sully, who came up in a night with such animation and vigor as to make everyone ask questions about him the next morning. It has since appeared that Mr. Sully does not bloom so well as he sprouts, and it is still a question whether in his staying power he will rival the oak or the primrose. Mr. Sully was another of those poor boys that were born in the West and came to New York to take the bread out of the mouth of the worthy metropolises. That seems to be the chief end of the American man in these days—to come to New York and make a fortune, or "perish in the attempt."

WHAT becomes of the old families in this burg whose fortunes have been divided up and exhausted and whose representatives have come down to hard pan? Do these said representatives trickle back into the country and recuperate and eventually make a fresh descent on the strong-

hold of wealth, or do they live on here in town? Do all the great prizes that year after year are distributed go to the new men who are born ancestors, or do the men born descendants occasionally show strength that is native to Manhattan. We would like to know, and perhaps Mr. Bunner, whose specialty New York is, will sometime tell us. The newspapers now and then record distressing instances of the degeneracy of the youth who are born to luxury, but not to culture. The first generation born after wealth seems to be the critical one. If that generation can stand it, the next is more apt to get along and become acclimated to the atmosphere of wealth. Is it not so, Mr. Bunner? Or are there too few rich grandchildren of rich grand-parents to formulate a rule by?

BARNUM has somehow forgotten to exhibit himself and Colonel Forepaugh in a cage together as a happy family.

DR. JUSTIN D. FULTON has resigned his pastorate, and withdraws from his combat against the wiles of the devil to take up the cudgels against the Roman Catholic Church.

We feel safe in saying that none but a Brooklyn man would have the nerve to do this, and we greatly fear that Dr. Fulton will find a personal Pope harder to fight than the impersonal gentleman with horns.

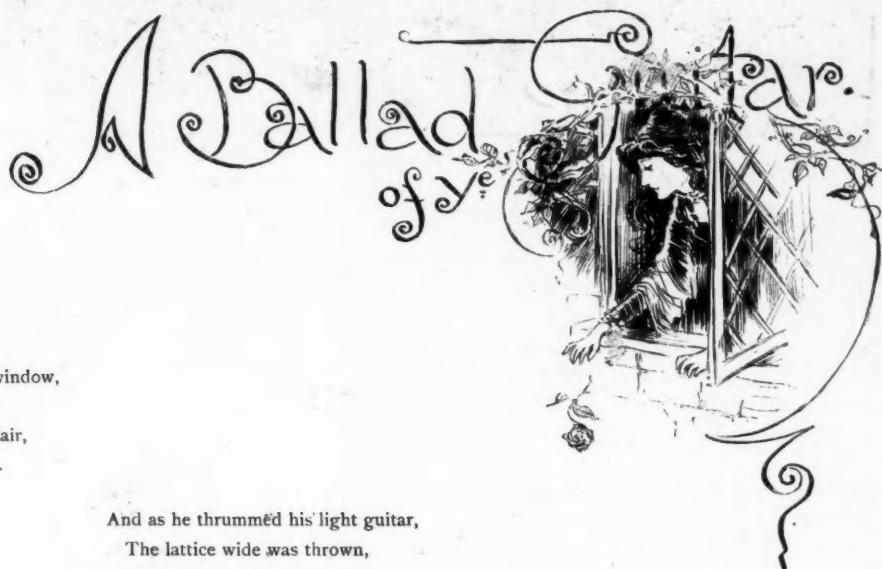
To be candid, we are not enthusiastic admirers of the Church of Rome, but we trust the Brooklyn divine will not succeed in utterly annihilating it, because we have a large enough leisure class on our hands without the myriads of priests who would be thrown out of employment, should Dr. Fulton prove the victor.

ANOTHER unsuccessful attempt has been made to disseminate the remains of his August Majesty the Emperor of Russia through airy space.

The pleasant little ruse of stuffing a prayer-book with dynamite and poisoned bullets was employed this time, and had it proved successful, there would not have been enough Czar left for a state funeral.

There are only two prescriptions that we know of that can keep the unhappy autocrat out of the grave or the madhouse. We recommend that he either abdicate and go on the stage in support of Mrs. James Brown Potter, or give Russia a constitution. The latter course may serve as a pleasant little boomerang which shall render his own constitution bomb-proof.

No potentate is so well guarded as he who is fortified by the good-will of his people. Alexander should so fortify himself.



1776.

BENEATH her latticed window,
In Spain so far away,
The Gallant wooed his lady fair,
With many a song and lay.

And as he thrumméd his light guitar,
The lattice wide was thrown,
And a hand let fall a little rose —
A sweet white rose — half blown.



The Gallant raised it to his lips,
And swore, with eager breath,
To keep the dainty little rose,
And serve his love 'till death.

1886.

In the brightly lighted parlor
She sits, and plays away
All sorts of college songs and glees,
And many a negro lay.

While he looks on in wonder,
At the clever fingers' skill,
And he brings her some hot-house roses,
Wrapped up in a paper frill.

She took great pains to keep them fresh,
For they were much admired;
But all were dead when morning came,
Because — each one was *wired*.





THE NEWSPAPER GUIDE.

(Compiled at great expense by the Exchange Editor.)

FOR English read the New York *Sun*,
For scandals seek the *Times* ;
And always read the New York *World*
For full details of crimes.

'Tis best to take the *Tribune* for
News of the late uprising ;
And silver's worth you'll always find
The *Commercial* advertising.

For interesting items of
That Democratic ghost,
The Civil Service, go and buy
The daily *Evening Post*.

And if you'd like to read about
D. Dudley Field and brother,
Invest your money in the *Mail*—
'Tis better than another.

But if the truth alone you want,
Free from all taint of libel,
We think you'd better get your news
From out the family bible.

WE very frequently see ministers, but never a church,
with a surplice.

A GENTLEMAN'S dress should always be perfectly
quiet. Hence the man who wears squeaking shoes is
not a true gentleman.

THE *Sun* says "we have no equivalent for *bête* in our
language."

What is the matter with angle-worms?

IT is a wise stock that knows its own par.

SARA BERNHARDT drinks a bottle of stout for lunch
every day.

Extremes still meet.

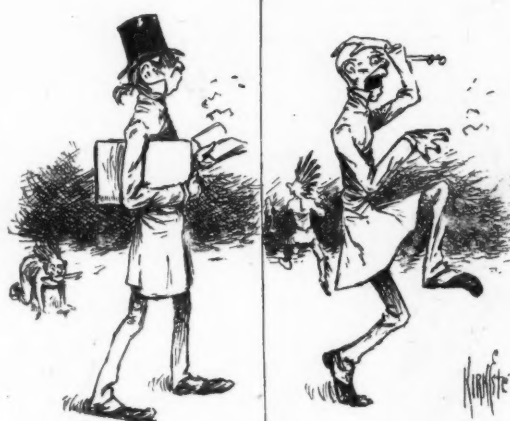
DR. HOLMES, in his recent contribution to the *Atlantic*,
says: "I never get into a large and lofty saloon with-
out feeling as if I were a weak solution of myself—my
personality almost drowned out in the flood of space about
me."

The Doctor should try the Hoffman House saloon. It
would make two other men of him.

A HIGHLY-RESPECTED popular writer bears the name
of Thomas Dunn English.

But Thomas Dunn is not English; Thomas Did is more
correct.

Apropos of the above, we cannot but notice a peculiar co-
incidence in a recent number of our highly-esteemed con-
temporary the *Epoch*. Three consecutive articles, "Effects
of Marriage," "Chivalry in the Cars," and "A Sale of Town
Lots," are written by gentlemen bearing the respective names,
Welsh, Jermin and English. Here is a congress of nations
indeed.



BEFORE AND AFTER.

AN OLD SIGN REVERSED.

A GERMAN BAND, in a fit of abstraction, played "God
Save the Queen" as the St. Patrick's Day Parade
passed up Fifth Avenue.

The coroner's verdict was, "Suicide, in the first degree."

IN reply to a criticism on his alleged obscurity Mr. Robert
Browning ventures the following remarks:

"I have had too long an experience of the inability of the human
goose to do other than cackle when benevolent, and hiss when
malicious, and no amount of goose criticism shall make me lift a heel
against what waddles behind it."

Which is a long way off saying that Mr. Browning is more
humane than the average mule, which is a good thing for the
critics who prate of the poet's faults. If he only would allow
the dynamic stores of his intellectual hoof to stretch backward
for a moment how these same critics—even those from Bos-
ton—would pray for that oblivion to which obscurity is as the
leviathan of a drop of Croton to the elephant that disporteth
itself on the circus poster.



THE WEDDING JOURNEY.

He: DEAREST, IF I HAD KNOWN THIS TUNNEL WAS SO LONG, I'D HAVE GIVEN YOU A JOLLY HUG.

She: DIDN'T YOU? WHY, SOMEBODY DID!

A SUGGESTION FOR DINNER GIVERS.

THE Philadelphia *Telegraph* tells a harrowing tale about a Washington hostess who recently gave a fashionable luncheon at the capital. She ordered to be placed among the table decorations, a set of salts of exceedingly handsome and novel design, which, coming from a very dear friend, were among the most highly prized of her wedding gifts. One of the servants placed the name-cards against them, and a guest, after admiring the salt, and supposing from the card resting against it that it was intended as a favor, took it up and put it in her pocket. Most of the other guests, one by one, followed her example, while the dismayed hostess, utterly unable to understand the meaning of such proceedings, looked on in speechless surprise. When her guests departed she counted her treasures and found she had but two left. The next day came the explanation. A polite note was received from a lady who had been present, saying she had neglected to take her favor, mentioning it, and asking the hostess to kindly send it to her.

This is a valuable addition to the world's sum of knowledge regarding social life in Washington. Taken with the Chinese Minister episode, it places Washington society in a unique position among the various social orders in this country, and makes one believe that communism is on the high-road hither.

We have very little fear that the habit of appropriating the silverware of one's host will be adopted by fashionable New York, but we cannot help suggesting that where Washingtonians are among the guests at dinners, or other events where portable property is displayed, there should be large embroidered mottoes hung at conspicuous points of the house of entertainment, reading:

PLEASE LEAVE WHAT YOU CANNOT EAT.

“WHAT is the church for?” asks a Christian weekly. One thing that it ought to be for is to teach Christian weeklies not to steal funny matter from their wicked brothers.

BALLADE OF LENT.

THE mortals of fashion grow faint
 Ere Spring sets the bud on the tree,
 Their muscles are weary and spraint,
 And weak is the joint of the knee;
 They've danced in the german till three
 In attitudes painfully bent,
 Bemoaning there ever should be
 The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.

Behold in their faces the taint
 Of Winter's perpetual spree,
 From powder, enamel and paint
 At last temporarily free;
 Gay colors and rich filigree
 Have vanished, and now it is meant
 Our oculars only should see
 The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.

Oh, this is Society's plaint:
 Poor invalid idiots we!
 The sinner is suddenly saint,
 And sings in a low, minor key;
 No more at the "Five o'clock Tea"
 Are wit and dyspepsia blent,
 And well with the Vespers agree
 The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.

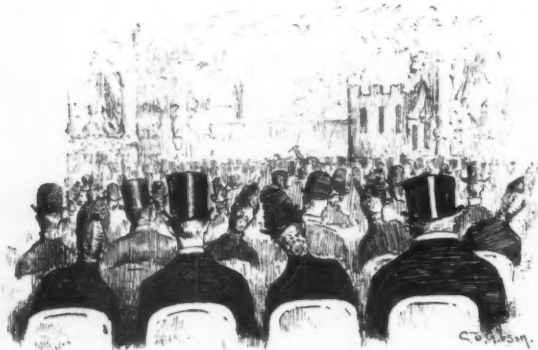
ENVOY.

Aristocrat, this is your plea:—
 No sin will your conscience repent!
 "Oh, fain, Forty Days, would we flee
 The sackcloth and ashes of Lent!"

Idle Idyller.

IT is said that the whole Jewish synagogue will soon be sent over to Pasteur to be treated for Rabbis.

BOOKKEEPER: One who borrows but never returns them.



WHY NOT?

SINCE LOVELY WOMAN IS SHOWING HOW MUCH OF A NUISANCE SHE CAN MAKE OF HERSELF, WHY SHOULD NOT THE MEN KEEP THEIR HATS ON TOO?

"WHEN IN ROME," ETC.

DIAMONDS

ABOUT her neck they gleam in lustre bright,
 Like stars that shimmer on the zone of night:
 Yet more than Afric's flawless gems I prize
 Soft Pity's jewels in her loving eyes.

Clinton Scollard.

TWO CHIROSOPHICAL EFFORTS.

MR. ED. HERON ALLEN'S work on chirosophy is a very entertaining book, and is well worth the inspection of those who are interested in the science of palmistry. It brings the art of prophecy within the reach of all, and may be regarded as an infallible guide to the future by those who are not content with a knowledge of the past.

ANOTHER handsome volume on a different branch of chirosophy—the science of the poker-hand—comes to us from Mr. John W. Keller, whose chief title to fame rests on a play called "Tangled Lives." We are of the opinion that Mr. Keller's forte is poker-playing rather than play-writing, and we doubt not that the former would prove to be the more lucrative of the two professions for him.

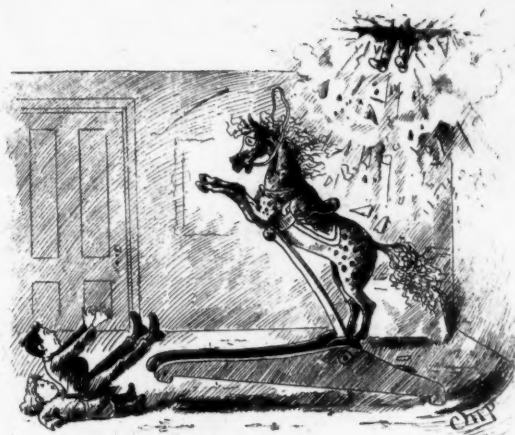
His treatise on the idiosyncrasies of the "bobtail flush" and the "jacker" form very pleasant reading, though more likely to prove popular with the sterner sex than with the sex which, by some strange course of unreasoning, is generally set down as the milder.

Mr. Keller should not stop with writing about poker-playing. There is a large field left open for him by Mr. Howells and our other literary genii. We have produced successors to Dickens and Thackeray—at least the successors think we have. We have produced any number of Shakespeares within the last three years, but up to the hour of going to press, the place of the lamented Hoyle is still vacant. We think Mr. Keller likely to fill this aching void, but we should like to get his views on Progressive Muggins before finally according him the honor.

A GREAT deal of very good paper and ink has been wasted by the publisher of "The Experiences of an Englishman in Philadelphia Society," who, from obvious motives, fails to put his name to his production. "Raconteur," who claims the questionable honor of having written the book, should learn that abuse is not satire, and that a dollar expended in copyrighting such trash as he has disseminated is part of that willful waste that breeds woeful want. Indeed, a woeful want of breeding, it seems to us, is the chief characteristic of "Raconteur's" work.

NEW BOOKS.

A CENTURY OF ELECTRICITY. By T. C. Mendenhall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Roger Camerden: a Strange Story. New York: George J. Coombes.
 Victims. By Theo. Gift. Leisure Hour Series, No. 198. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
 Madrigals and Catches. By Frank Dempster Sherman. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.
 The Game of Draw-Poker. By John W. Keller. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.
 A Satchel Guide to Europe. With maps. Edition for 1887. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



Gentleman Rider: WHEN I SAY ready, TOMMY, YOU LET GO.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY A LA LIPPINCOTT.

PARNASSUS, OHIO, March 22d, 1887.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir,—In deference to the prevailing popular interest in the private life of the *literati*, I cheerfully contribute a bird's-eye review of my checkered literary career.

Being of an intellectual temperament, I was, naturally, put to sawing wood, when five years old, to help support the family; my specialty was fancy seesawing. I learned my letters from circus-posters, and acquired the remainder of my education by intuition. After a hard day's work I would steal away to my little garret and consume the pine-knots (that had knocked the molars out of my saw) in the perusal of such classics as *Moll Flanders* and *Memoirs of Vidocq*, lent me by a kind journeyman preacher, whose reputation, though local, was as high as that of Parson Downs. I communed with nature, early and late, and many a long summer night have I spent under the soughing pines—following, line after line, the heaviness of *Homer's Eyelid*—by the uncertain glimmering of a glow-worm. I was not eccentric, but I did such things in order to provide good material for my biography. I owe much to intercourse with nature. My ideas of rhythm were derived from the songs of the cat-bird, katydid and jar-fly; my Conception of Intense Situations was strengthened, and my Observation sharpened, whenever I sat upon a hornet's nest, and my Perception of Local Coloring was superinduced by the sunac and the pokeberry.

Like Howells, I soon took my place among the *literati* of the country—as printer's devil for a Cincinnati paper. I sometimes think that Dante, who, we know, served his term at setting up italics, must have owed his powerful conceptions of Hell to his experience as a mediaeval printer's devil. The editors rejected all my early poems, but conceded them to be in the blank-blankest verse. So I brought them out in a volume entitled, "*Rejected Gems; or, Pearls Cast before Swine.*" My first great philosophical essay was published at advertising rates. It was the well-known "*Dead-Lock on the Human Understanding*," and was said to have produced somnolence in the Duke of Argyll! To pay the expenses of my works, I traveled around lecturing on phrenology, and at the same time renewed my amicable relations with nature. Reposing in her lap with her bosom for a pillow was fine training for a poet, but was hard on the constitution,

when no friendly hay-ricks loomed up on the wintry horizon. I can truthfully say, however, that it will be a cold day when nature makes a poet cynical.

I returned to Cincinnati and started the *Cincinnati Morning Black-Mail* which had a long and remunerative career while the decision of courts was being awaited. Then I went to Chicago as a playwright and wrote my melodrama, "*Romance of a Bald-Headed Young Man; or, the Bohemian Ballet-Girl*," which was a great spectacular success, and raised me, as it were, from the poke-bonnet row of the parquet of despair to the peanut gallery of fame. The proceeds of this success I put into a humorous paper, "*The Horse-Laugh: A Try-Weakly*," but the humor was so much broader than the circulation that it died of inanition. When the war broke out I went abroad and remained until the end of internecine strife. The non-partisan position I then occupied has enabled me to write my recent popular war-articles. My most successful attempts at Fiction were juvenile, and were addressed to my parents.

When I tell you that my valuable library—collected by years of patient borrowing—is stored away on shelves made of dry-goods boxes, and draped with bands of scalloped newspaper for ornament—you will understand that I am poor—and married. I advise young authors to keep their eyes skinned for a Mæcenas, but I feel justified in saying to them that if they cast their bread upon the waters it shall be returned to them after many days. Times are hard out here, and I experience difficulty in realizing anything from post-obits anticipating the post-humous fame of my literary remains; but the Administration is pledged to care for indigent men of letters, and as no book has been written on Monte Carlo, I hope to get the consulship at Monaco.

Yours expectantly,

Eureka Bendall.

AFTER THE SERVICE.

MRS. HOBSONBY (returning from church): What a very eloquent man the Rev. Dr. Swell is! What did you think of his long prayer?

MR. HOBSONBY: I thought he gave the Lord some very good advice.



JUST RUN DOWN FOR REST AND QUIET.



LIGHTENING THE BARKS OF
THE SICK



AT A WINTER R



TALKS OF HIGH TEMPERATURE.



THE MRS OF
THE SICK

WINTER RESORT.

ONE LUNG AND FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.



IT certainly was condescendingly gracious of Miss Fanny Davenport to allow Sarah Bernhardt to produce "*Fédora*" before a metropolitan public; to permit genius to show what mediocrity is unable to do. Miss Davenport, however, can afford to be liberal. Her name has been frequently coupled with that of the great French tragedienne, which is in itself something for which the American actress ought to be thankful.

The audience which greeted Sarah Bernhardt at the Star Theatre was a curious one. It was distinctly, undeniably and disgracefully cold. It showed, beyond any doubt, that it could not appreciate genius unless the genius were of Anglo-Saxon origin. Only at the end of the third act, when the very wax at the Eden Musée would have melted beneath the sublime art of Sarah Bernhardt, did this conventional crowd become in the least enthusiastic.

At the end of the first and second acts the applause was of the feeblest, and the actress was only recalled by the persistence of a Gaul in the gallery, who insisted upon seeing her again. At the close of the performances, the stirring death scene was witnessed by men and women whose sole ideas seemed to lie in the speedy possession of hats and coats and departure.

I was disgusted at the scene. I have witnessed performances at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris, where no ridiculous "Society People" (as folks who live in decent houses and wear decent clothes are called in New York) were present—when the house was filled with only the popular elements. There Sarah Bernhardt was appreciated as she should be, and every little courtesy was paid to her art.

At the Star Theatre people were present principally because it was "the thing." Those whose names appeared in the newspapers the following morning certainly did not waste their time. But, oh! what a bleak, bleak night it was for those who were obliged to announce the fact themselves that they had been to see Bernhardt.

The framework of Sardou's "*Fédora*" has been made known by Miss Davenport. That is all she can show. She can no more realize the spirit of the play than Sarah Bernhardt could understand the wealth of humor in "*Adonis*" or "*The Rag Baby*."

Sarah Bernhardt's work is magnificent. It is something entirely peculiar to herself. It can be seen with no one else. The sensuality of the third act loses the grossness it would have in the hands of an ordinary actress. If any woman other than Bernhardt dared to try the risky close of the act in its unabridged form, she would simply wallow in

obscurity. But Sarah Bernhardt rivets all attention to herself. She makes *Fédora* the point of interest, and does not allow anyone the time to say that the situations are immoral.

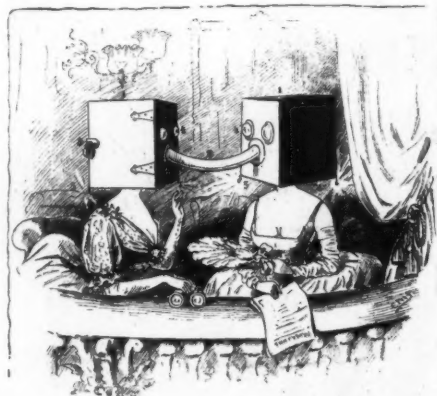
No one can forgive plump, comely Fanny Davenport for her illicit love of *Loris Ipanoff*. She ought to know better. She should be supplied with tracts about the lust of the flesh, and so on. Her diet should be restricted.

But with Sarah Bernhardt everything is different. She could not have done otherwise than love *Loris*. It was perfectly natural, constituted as she was. *Fédora*, with Fanny Davenport, might wed a plump alderman at the end of the play, and live unhappily ever afterwards. *Fédora*, with Sarah Bernhardt, could only die. That fact is apparent in the first act. Sarah Bernhardt's support is not particularly good. Philippe Garnier is a stick, and nothing is worse than a French stick. Mlle. Malvau is hard-working, but hoarse. M. Angels is, perhaps, the best of the bunch. The scenery at the first representation was wretched. I understand that Sarah Bernhardt was furious at the stage setting, and that at the present time things are better. I hope they are. The great actress should have every aid.

Alan Dale.

WHEN Mr. James Russell Lowell last visited this city, someone observed that it was a familiar instance of "Rus in urbe."

THE Toothless Invader: The Baby.



THE NEW CONVERSATION SUBDUER AND GIGGLE ANNIHILATOR.

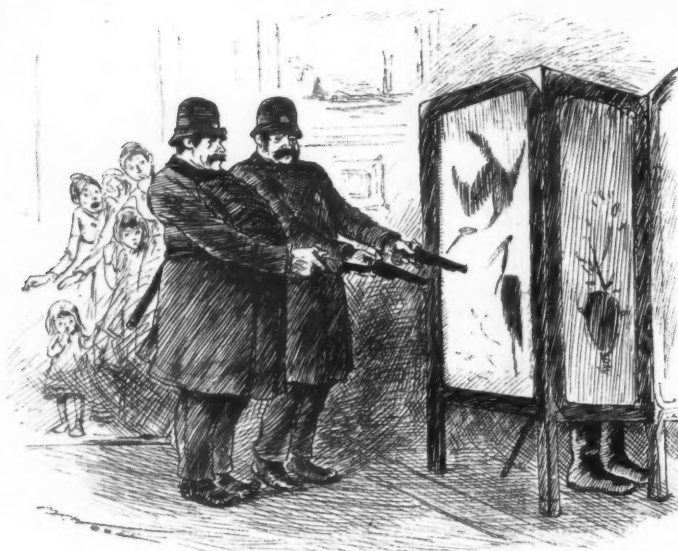
For the use of young ladies with a superabundance of animal spirits, who are in the habit of attending the Opera and Theatre.

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM.

- Fig. 1. The Giggle Annihilator adjusted for use.
- Fig. 2. Rubber Conversation Tube connecting Annihilators.
- Fig. 3. Padlock securing door of Annihilator, to be locked by the usher, who shall keep the key until after the performance.
- Fig. 4. Glass eye-holes.
- Fig. 5. Hooks from which to suspend diamond ear-rings.



*The Average American
A composite Photo
by Life.*



Bridget, on entering the parlor, finds a man concealed, and immediately summons "The Finest."

One of "The Finest": TERENCE, BEFORE WE FIRE, DON'T YOU THINK WE HAD BETTER ASK HIM IF HE HAS GOT A POLITICAL PULL, FOR IF HE HAS WE MAY LOSE OUR PLACES.

GIVE-AWAY.

HE was a bridegroom newly made—a wedding tourist he; His bride sat in the waiting-room, as sweet as sweet could be Yet one would think that he had been a husband half his life. As on the register he wrote "J. Percy Newe and wife." But as he raised his shiny hat, that showed no mark of age, A shower of rice fell from within upon the open page. "Enough," the jeweled clerk exclaimed, and brushed away the rice; "John, Bridal Chamber No. 4 (we charge him double price)."

H. D. Coolidge.

DOM PEDRO'S venerable aunt, the esteemed and beautiful Princess Isabella Maria Ceonception Jane Charlotte Gualberta Anna Francis, of Assissi Xaviera Paula d'Alcanterav Antoinette Radhaela Michaela Gabriella Joachina Gonzaga is dead, and Dom has advertised for sealed proposals for a tombstone.

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HIM.

LAWYER: I shall have to charge you fifty dollars for my services in the case.

CLIENT: But the amount involved is only forty dollars.

LAWYER: Well, make it forty, then. I'm always willing to do the fair thing.

SHAKESPEARE must have been eating chicken salad when he exclaimed "What's in a name?"

"ETHEL, the General's been very civil, and detailed most of us for duty on his staff, during the parade and banquet on the Twenty-second."
"Dear! That's more like a club than a staff."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(A LA BAZAR.)

MAGGIE.—1. No; a yellow satin is not suitable for street wear unless you have it dyed. 2. You should always ring the door-bell when visiting, and not use a pass-key.

A. B. C.—Trim your velvet skirt with flounces of white Hamburg edging, and slit the waist up the back, so it can be buttoned in front.

Regular Subscriber.—1. Certainly not. 2. Of course. 3. Not much. 4. Yes. 5. No. 6. Usually.

Daisy.—White chalk is good for red elbows; also stove polish. If we were you, we would have the graduating dress made with sleeves to come to the wrist. This will prevent red elbows attracting attention.

Clara B.—1. No; seal-skin sacques will not be worn all summer. 2. Sash-ribbon should be a yard wide, and all wool. 3. We do not answer impertinent questions by mail.

IT must be discouraging to the fool killer to realize how far behind in his work he is getting.

GOING UP TOWN.

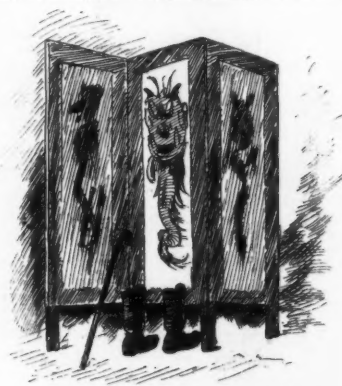
BRAKEMAN (*gently, but firmly, to old lady on elevated car*): This is the third time, madam, that I have told you that this train *does* go up Third Avenue.

OLD LADY (*anxiously*): Oh, then, it does go up Third Avenue, does it?

COMMAND OF LANGUAGE.

CULTURE IN THE MODERN ATHENS.

BOSTON LADY (*returning a borrowed translation of one of Balzac's novels*): Thanks, very much! I am so fond of Balzac. I think he writes such elegant English!



The other side of the Screen.

THE FACT IS, THE DEACON CAME HOME AT AN UNUSUAL HOUR IN THE MORNING, AND WISHING TO CONCEAL THE FACT, TOOK OFF HIS BOOTS BEFORE GOING UP-STAIRS.



CHICAGO LITERARY NOTES.

OUR enterprising fellow-townsmen, the proprietors of the Home restaurant, have added to their popular dinner bill of fare a new work entitled "Beans a la Lowell," a delicate compliment to the distinguished poet now visiting among us.

MRS. HANNAH MORE GARDINER, President of the West Side Browning Club, has suffered a keen bereavement in the demise of her pet poodle, whom she had named Robert, in honor of her favorite poet. While not wishing to invade the sanctity of the gifted lady's grief, we cannot forbear saying that this lamentable occurrence has cast a gloom over the whole community, and the dispensation seems all the more distressing since deceased left a numerous infant progeny.

In justice to Mr. James Russell Lowell it should be said that his lecture upon "Richard III." last Tuesday afternoon, did not refer to Richard J. Oglesby, our honored Governor.

The Bookbinders' Union will give its regular annual ball in Brand's Hall immediately after Lent.

MR. MÆCENAS B. FULSOMTONE, the well-known purveyor of green hams and President of the Michael Angelo Art Club, has just sent to his London agent an order for \$15,000 worth of books. The choice of volumes is left with the agent, the only specification made by Mr. Fulsomtone being that the books contain plenty of pictures and be bound in red morocco.

We understand that our talented fellow-townsmen, T. Babbington Greenleaf, is engaged upon a rhythmical translation of the tripods of Horace.

"M. E. B."—The only English translation of Goethe's "Faust" we can recommend is that made by General Zachary Taylor, one of our ex-Presidents.

It is understood that the private dinners given to Mr. Lowell during his stay here have called for an expenditure of not less than \$40,000. Yet there are carping critics who say that Chicago is not a great literary centre.—*Chicago News*.

In the hotel parlor, 11 P. M.:

"Have you any idea what time it is?" he asked, after he had talked her to sleep three or four times and waked her up as often by laughing boisterously at his own brilliant ebullitions of wit, humor and burlesque.

"Really, I haven't," she replied wearily.

"It certainly must be time I was going home," he continued, as he made a move in the right direction.

"Oh, I am sure it is very much later than that," she said, sweetly and innocently, and then he went away with a hideous suspicion in his manly bosom.—*Washington Critic*.

An Illinois paper has the following: "The funeral services of the late William P. Lewis were somewhat hurried to enable his estimable and grief-stricken widow to catch the two o'clock train for Chicago, where she goes to visit friends."—*Puck*.

ANOTHER CLAIMANT.—PENSION DOCTOR: What battle were you in? PENSION FRAUD: Bull Run. PENSION DOCTOR: Were you wounded there? PENSION FRAUD: I would have been if I had wanted. PENSION DOCTOR: For what do you claim a pension? PENSION FRAUD: For loss of wind.—*Puck*.

The Newburyport *Herald* reports that "Joseph G. Stevens was bitten by a dog at the south end last week, and the dog now sleeps the sleep of death." This should be a warning to dogs to keep away from Mr. Stevens's south end.—*Lowell Courier*.

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